

# Guru Gobind Singh's Amrit

## THE ETERNALISING LIBATION

By : Giani BRAHMA SINGH 'BRAHMA', AJMER

Amrit—Som—Sanjivni (Sanskrit); Homa (Zend)—life enduring sweet potions; (Aab-e-Heaven—Aab-e-Hyyaat—Ma-ul-Hyyaat Akseer (Arabic), life prolonging nostrum; Nectar (Greek)—beauty and life longevial beverage of gods and many more such a phraseology existent in this wide world in almost numberless dialects and languages of men: something which man has been thirsting for from the day of the dawn of human specise for warding off death, life extinctive or oblitative dreadful agency to see that his own precious life and that of his own dear and near ones plus his own kine and cattles but nowhere these terms have been found purporting to mean, except life enduring causes, to add imparting the virtue of Chivalry—Shaureya—Kshatryata—Jurrat—which the peerless visionary Guru Gobind Singh's Amrit—Pauhal—Sanskrit *Pahur*—the gift—tabaaruk—from elders to the loved ones, mean in action. And my this a wee bit endeavour pleas before the worthy readers, the genesis and comparative uniqueness of this *Pahul* to appreciate the glory and greatness of that *moojd-e-inventor*, *Saaqi-e* (cup bearer) and *Khazaanchi* (Amrit Guru Gobind Singh and his *Pauhal*, that remains a challenge for those who exercise a *Changzi* to mankind.

And the Gurubani witnesses the only source of Amrit the Guru :—

*Sur nar muni jan Amrit khoj-day  
So Amrit Guru tay paeeya.*

And the Amrit which the gods, great men, sages and the God-realised souls hunt for that Amrit is gotten from Guru (the Enlightener), only.

And Guru Tegh Bahadur speaks of in unambiguous terms of dreading death:—

*Bhaey marbay ko bisrat nahin  
Teh chinta tan jaara.*  
This fear of death keeps clinging

This agony continue my being singing.

And see further how Guru Tegh Bahadur's only Kshatryatra packed son Guru Gobind Singh avowed to eradicate the dread of death from the body of his *ummat*—the followers.

Death—Yama—Israel—has been, all along, steering in the face of man for his annihilation and few, very few, have countinenced this terrible god smilingly. Immortality, deliverance, salvation, moksa, nijaat from the tentacles of Death is the inbuilt instinctive urge of human being; it is in interminable cry of man ethical or theistical, read any scripture of world faith.

Earlier in the Vedic Age, something like one thousand nine hundred and sixty million

years, Elements of Nature were man's foes. He feared Mighty Agni with singing teeth; he dreaded Indra, the Weilder of Thunderbolt; he apprehended Maruti, the breather of storm and sleet against whose blowing heavens and earth shivered like a peepul leaf, he begged Lord Varna whose paeans in praise he sang in uninhibited valleys and woods for the protection of himself and what he seemed to possess for transgression of his laws. They all sought for some sort of penances to save him. And beauty is his all these lamentation we now worship as unparalleled wisdom of Arayans, termed as Vedas, the Gyan—the Knowledge.

Somehow these belligerent elements became Aruras-devils and started battling against Deva—the virtuous. They began der churn the oceans—*Ksir-Munthan*—in search of some prophylaxis to plumb out the Amrit, an amrit turning potion. In this enterprise, they made *Madhana*—the churning lathe—of the mountain *Méru*. They made *netra*—churning rope or belt of *Vasuki*—Serpant god. Their harvest was mythical 14 *Ratnas* or jewels. This prized acquisition; oft mentioned in the Shastras, oft repeated on the church pulpit, yet never been seen by a mortal eye. The last and anxiously looked for product was *Dhanvantri*—the divine physician, who emerged carrying a gold pitcher containing Amrit. This mystical nostrum, begotten of a

the watery-womb, turned to be a disquietive agent and a bone of contention between the gods and their anti-gods. They fell out. The evil prevailed. The devils snatched and made away with the prized pitcher. The unquittous *Karunakar*—Merciful—Lord Vishnu, true to his godly tradition, incarnated as *Mohini*—the heavenly Bewitcher—and traduced the fickle minded devas with her easthetic grace. She got the vessel back with her prowess of uni-lateral arbitration to the sobbing and entrating devas. In this strife wherever the drops of Amrit fell on the surface of the *Dharti-Maata*, the places became *Tirtas*—the Sarowars—sacred tanks—to wash the sins of the progeny of those gods and their foes or friends, call them what you please.

The fourteen *Ratna*—Jewels—are:—

(1) *Ameya*—*Amrita*—Nectar  
(2) *Vaarni-Shraab*. Wine (3) *Chandrmah*—Moon (4) *Kaama Dhenu*—Eysian Cow (5) *Uchasava*

*Ghor* Sublime Horse (6) *Airauat Haathi*—*G-j Raj*—King Elephant (7) *Bikh-Zahar*—Poison (8) *Lazmi*—Wealth (9) *Dhanvatri*—Physician (10) *Khushtiak Bani*—Jewel (11) *Gaandive Shankh Conch* (12) *Kalap Brikh*—*Toobi*—Elysian Tree (13) *Rambha*—Nymph (14) *Sarang Dhanesh*—Bow.

Please mark the mythical romanticity of this Hindu Amrit which has never been tasted from that day lost in memory shrouded anti-quity.

Earlier two and a quarter millioia ago, Alexander the Great, after his proud profession of being a World-Victor, felt deeply inquisitive and keenly thirsty to take a sip of Aab-e-Hewaan to defy the dreadful Death to embrace immortality to enjoy the fruits of unmatched callisthenics of his sword ingenuity and fertility of his brain. After a wise counsel, he sought for Hazrat Khizar (ever green or accepted to have been renewing his life every five hundred years Semitic belief) the mythical custodian of Aab-e-Hewaan. After subjecting himself to an arduous and hazardous intermonable journey, in an defined span of time, they succeeded in locating the pool of Aab-e-Hewaan, in the dark deep caves of the Caucasian mountains. Much to Alexander's horror and mortification, his enthusiasm to his immortality, was called when he sighted a numerous crowd of human beings, immobile and inert, earlier tasters of the elixir,

lessness, and torpor, awaiting in painful contrition for the last Day of Reckoning for their ultimate Deliverance. In fact, they were in *Berzckh*. Only their hearts heave with *Prana*—breath, to show they were living. Of course, true to its professed efficaciousness a sip of the Aab-e-Hewaan had bestowed on them coveted eternalised existence but it had rendered them divorcees of all *manav*—manly—virtues which make a man self, reliant for him and his kith and kin, plus the society around him. Alexander returned empty handed to face Death as a man which he encountered on his back journey after his utter disappointment with Porus, king of the Panchal Desh—Punjab, in the year 323 B.C. A Persian couplet well summons up this event :—

*Tahi dastaan-e-qismat ra che  
sood az rahebr-e-kaamil  
Keh Khizr az Aab-e-Hewaan  
tishna labb aarad Sikandar  
ra*

What boots a luckless man even from a perfect guide

When Khizr brought Alexander thirsty back from the Amrit Pool.

Please mark the mystic hunt of Semetic Elixir and its inefficacy.

This is how the ancients were supposed to have come by their most unscientific and mysterious nectarean draught—Amrit Aab-e-Hewaan which probably no mortal lips had ever sipped.

We now come to know of the Amrit which was a living actuality packed with spiritual and temporal forces and dynamism, a sip of which turned sparrows into hawks and jackals into lions. It was a visible history and no fiction. It was meaningful *Punar-Janam*—rebirth—twice bornship (explanations later) and Maulana Jalaluddin Rum-born 1207 A.D. founder of Maulana Sufi Silsilah of Whirling Dervishes in his Mathanavi Maanvi—a Qura'n in Pahlavi sings :—

*Chun doyam baar adam-zaada  
bizaad*

*Paayeh khud bar kharq-e-illatha nihaad*

When a man is born twice  
He plants his foot on habits evil.

This Khalsa Amrit neither led to dissension nor to any stupidity or torpor. This never turned any mortal thirsty. It was here a complete transformation: a real shedding off the old and putting the new—not merely a *jamaal* but *Jalaal* also; a physical ringing out

And incidently it was a New Year Day of Baisakhi :

*Vaisaakh bhala sackha ves  
karey*

When the entire arboreal kingdom reflexes itself in fresh foliage, flower and fruit, this Amrit was researched and administered by a Divine Psychia—trist Guru Gobind Singh—the Dispeller of Darkness—*Gana Dhaara*—*Faujaan Waala*.

Guru Gobind Singh from his vast and intensive study of Aryan and Semetic negiological lore for a period of over a decade at Paonta—Paonthan—in its sylvan and reparean surroundings, on the banks of Jumna, came to the novel decision of reconstructing the eternalising potion—Amrit—on the anology of the Shiva Purana's ancient *Saagar-Manthan* as earlier depicted. The great visionary, in reverence to the Divine Delegation.

*Sant Ubaaran-Dusht Sangharn  
Uplift of the virtuous and  
decimation of the devilish*

Aimed at the nostrum which in addition to its potency of man's spiritual metamorphosis, its result must equally be efficacious for the rejuvenation and regeneration of the chronic socially and politically afflicted and paralysis Hindu masses. It was all a single handed enterprise. Symbolically of the *Meru*, he used his double-edged-All-Steel-Khanda (sword) and churned it as *Madhana* in pure water in a All-Steel Baata, Bowl representing the great Saagar, infusing it with the intonation of with Divine Word-Kalam-e-Elahi-Guru-Vaani of his great Guru ancestors combined with his own universal martial poetic compositions. Guru's divine consort Mata Sahib Devan, fully conscious of the true Vedic Yagna observances was not behind to add his part and added *Pataasas*—sugar puffs—to the stirring water sweetening it to impart sense of love and harmoniousness in the community of its users. And thus the *Pauhal-Amrit* was ready.

And the great Messenger of hitherto unknown Logos-All-Steel-Sarb-Loh—the Indestructible Steel-sang out.

*Akaal Purakh ki rachha hamnay*

*Sarb Loh ki rachha hamnay*

O Thou the Timeless: I am in Thy refuge

O Thou All-Steel: I am in Thy refuge.

And the readers may please know that like wool to Jainism, Loha-Iron utensils were untouchable to Hindus and the Great Innovator not only invented his Amrit to bring Untouchable mankind but also to be one with higher classes sanctified their untouchable utensils which only the poor humanity can now use with pride and love. What a rare Man now walked on the Earth with those whom the great Bhadra Aryans dreaded even to touch.

The Great Washer of the sins of mankind, had invited all Nanak-Panthis—Nanak's *Ummat* (followers) from every nook and corner of Bharat-Hindustan—with living faith, on the Baisakhi Day, to re-inforce the *Charan-Pauhal*, customarily ministered by earlier nine Gurus. It was a unique novel experiment for the retrieval of the lost glory and the greatness of the rich spiritual and temporal heritage of the Aryan-Hindus and to enable them to relive in the sunshine and glow of their ancient lore and culture.

Unknown to the annals of mankind earlier, here was a General, a meaningful scion of the ancient Surya-Mula, the direct descendent of Karyada-Puroshotam Sri Rama Chandra—the fortieth descendent of the Great Ikshvaku and like that of the Great Messia-Jesus-the Christ, the descent forty-second of the descendent of Adam—the

First Man, unassisted by any mortal but only the Maha-Akalika, rose on his pulpit to ferret and glean out of the mammoth concourse of serfs and dregs of the Hindu *reer-heen*—spinless society, grains of some residue chivalry to rebuild his soldiery who could be a monolithic challenge, with a small sip of his Amrit, to the great Mughal Empire, the perpetrators of unending hegemony of its spiritual, social and political bondage. And equally in whose self-esteemed eastimation a Hindu was a *Duzd* (thief) and *Kafir* (unbeliever). To this congregation of merely 80,000 inquisitive and awe struck humanity, Guru Gobind Singh repeated Guru Nanak's message to test if it lived still in his *Ummat*:—

*Jau tau prem khelan ka choo  
Sir dhar talee galee meri aao*

*It marg peir dhareejay  
Sir deejay kaan na keejay.*

Would ye long to sport the game of love

Pop in my lane with thy head on thy palm;

If this path ye chance to tread

Shove in thy head: with any tear washed.

And as the holy Qura'n earlier spoke:—

"And we never sent a messenger save with the language of his folk, so that he might make his message clear for them. Allah sendeth whom He will astray, and guideth whom He will. He is the Mighty and the wise (Sura-XIV).

Guru Gobind Singh made home to them in the language of the folk, they understood, and

in the chivalric mudra gestures, their eyes could suck, explain how their earlier preceptors—Guru forefathers, for over 200 years, poured their blood in consonance with the prevelant shastric teachings in their sanguine and sincere hopes and faith that the alien rulers would be emanable to the call of the Truth and Wisdom and realise the folly of their bigotry and fanaticism but to no avail.

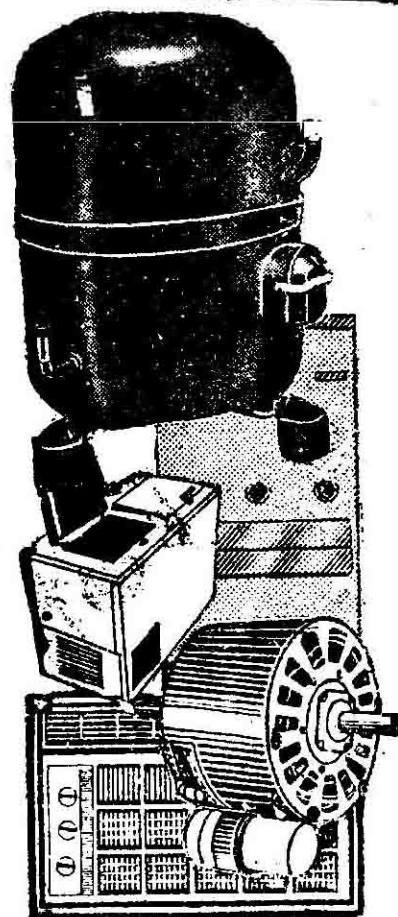
The Great Psychiatrist when he measured that his exhortations had breathed through the veins and hearts of the congregation and their faces gleamed with reflections of favourable reaction, with lionly roar he drew his shimmering Bhawani—sword—and demanded *balidan*—sacrifice of one head to be a foundation block for the edifice which he had planned to build a new to damn

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the current of Zulum cathericing clean all their ancient eviable heritage. On repeat demands five brave men of different sections of the Hindu society and geographical location offered their heads—their prized possessions—one by one, singing with Hafiz, the great Sufi Saint of Shraz:—

*Zahey qismat keh Hafiz rust  
as duneya-o-aqba  
Na sayad heich dar chashmash  
bajuz khakay-sar-e-kuuat.*

It is the pluck of Hafiz that  
He is delivered from here and  
hereafter  
His gaze now loveth nought  
But the dust of Thy lane.

But here was not the dust  
of the Beloved's lane but the  
razor sharp double-edged *khand*  
of the Divine Beloved that licked  
the heads of the lovers.

Before Guru Gobind Singh  
commenced ministration of his  
Amrit to the brave profferers of  
their heads, he ordered fresh  
water to be fetched from the  
ancient Satudra (Satluj) in a  
metallic vessel (gaagar). He wash-  
ed his lotus feet in the water,  
recited the *ardasa*—his orison—  
tightly sealed the wash back into  
the *gaagar*: ordered it to be  
carried back and buried deep in  
the river, meaning that the ritual  
of *charan-pauhal* current since  
the days of Guru Nanak (1469-  
1529 A.D.) founder of Sikhism—  
the undefatigued lamenter of  
alien bondage of Hindustan—  
had ceased to be legal tender  
thenceforward and stood replaced  
with *Khand-e ka-Amrit*:—

*Nij charan pakhaal gaargray  
daara  
Kar band lakhota muhar sir  
kara  
Sutadrava maahein amaanat  
dhara  
Khand-e-ki-pahul hukam kara.*

(Mehma Prakash)

His lotus feet in the water he  
did bathe  
And back the wash in the  
vessel paid;  
He closed the vessel and had  
it sealed  
And ordered it back in the  
Satluj laid:  
*Khande-ka-Amrit* he did  
administer anew  
And demonitised his elders'  
custom decayed.

*Charan dhooye rahraas kar  
charanamrit Sikhan palaaya*  
(Bhai Gurdas)

Washing the feet, the wash-  
charan-Amrit—was minis-  
tered to the *Sikhs-mureeds*.

Guru Gobind Singh, there-  
after, brought the five chivalrous  
souls who had proffered their  
heads in the cause of righteous-  
ness imbued with faith and non-  
chalance for life in front of his  
pulpit draped in *Pitambar  
Vastram*—yellow robes—bedecked  
with long *kirpan*, an inseparable  
Sacrament a relic of Holy Con-  
venant—a symbol of Bay't-

between the Guru and the Sikh  
along with four other *taburrucks*—  
*pahurs*—gift of *Keshas*, (unshorn  
hair), *Kangha* (comb), *Kara* (steel  
bracelet and *Kachha* (shorts-under  
wear), before the anxious and  
searching crowd for his novel  
baptismal-Amrit-Puner-Janam-Pahul  
*Chhakna*—*Peeo pahul khande  
dhaar hoeye janam suhela*—rite.  
He gave baptismal potion five time  
to drink, five times he sprinkled  
into their eyes, and five times he  
poured it on their lush head hair,  
one after the other. He imparted  
to them Guru Nanak's mystic  
Word-Logos—*Waheguru*—the  
unfailing *Naam* *Masile* and  
giving them re-birth, and renam-  
ed with the title of *Singhs-Lions*.  
This catheteric process rendered  
them washed of all sins with  
which they were shown to have  
been born and other pathological  
ills and rendered then immune  
and fearless to embrace Death  
with smile on their faces. They  
were no *Jivan Muktas*—Living  
Redeemed-Death would be for  
them a thing of mockery. Their  
inner longings for the *Dharma  
Yudh*—to free their mother land  
and their religion from the *Yavan*  
hegemony at the beck and call  
of the Guru was uppermost. They  
were ecstatic with *Mukh mein  
Naam chit mein yudh bichaarey*—  
*Waheguru* in their lips and  
thought of *dharma-yudh* in their  
hearts.

The residue of Amrit in the  
bowl was given to all the five  
*Peaaras* to drink collectively.  
They, thus, all welded into one  
whole-spirit de corpse—to should-  
er every burden of the country  
and faith collectively. It is a  
biological verity that the linkage  
through ling and mukh mouth  
and sex is the most cohesive and  
unfading relationship.

And how the Upanishids  
define *Jivan Mukta*—Salvation  
in life which consists in the  
attainment of salvation and  
freedom, by being endowed with  
the wealth of *Gyan*—knowledge  
and understanding of the Truth,  
and in seeing and considering  
everything of this world as one,  
inscribing to God and not to  
ones self, all deeds, actions,  
movements, behaviours, whether  
good or bad, and in regarding  
one self, together with all existing  
objects as in complete identity  
with the Truth.

And length and space are  
handicaps for me to show how  
the *Panj Piaras*—five Beloved  
Ones—who were baptised as  
described above were in word  
and deed in total consonance with  
Upanishad's eternal teachings.

And believe me each word of  
*Gurubani - Kalam - e - Rabbani-  
Shabd-e-Rommani* stirred by  
*Murshid-e-Kaamil, Pooran Guru*  
with steel against steel with his  
vision on his All-Steel mystically  
generated into the sweet water  
begotten in the psyches of the  
*Sikhs* or *Piaras* thousands, thou-  
sand different currents and

waves of diverse colours and  
*Tejaseya*—alchemy—hot, warm,  
cold, sweet, piquant weaving  
within themselves like that of the  
oceanic currents racing restlessly  
under the sea surface, invisible  
to human eye, of *Shauraya* and  
*Shaheedi*, Chivalary and Sacrifice  
and opened within their *Antah-  
karna*—heart of the heart—  
biggest libraries of the knowledge  
of unread books which they  
otherwise would imbibe never,  
never, never in their human  
lives.

And this miracle maker was  
the *Pahul* of the *Dassam Guru*.  
*Alas—Alghiaas*: we the ungrate-  
ful now care little.

The *Five Piaras*—Five Belov-  
ed Ones—were the nucleus of  
Order of the *Khalsa*—The Pure  
and *Waheguru's* own the New  
Faith—*Teesra Panth*—Mid Way  
—the Identity of *Prusha*—the  
Primeal Man—run extinct from  
the surface of the earth. This dis-  
cipline was most becoming and  
*sine-qua-non* for the sake of build-  
ing into a nation and its solidar-  
ity. This dispensation was a  
monumental testament to the  
greatness of the Prophet and the  
excellence of his unique thought  
and its action *Guru Gobind  
Singh* univocally pronounced the  
aim of his mission

*Raaj bin nehn dharma chaley  
hai*

*Dharma bino sabh daley muley  
hai.*

Would it need for the *Dharma*  
to stay

Weild thy hand on the hilt of  
Power;

Our Cosmos may fall to chaos  
and *Qyaamat*

When *Dharma* Pillars may  
welk and sway.

And the readers well know  
that even world faiths *Jainism*  
and *Buddhism* which claimed  
*Ahinsa Parmo Dharma*—non-  
violence cardinal creed—fell like  
humpty dumpty when their *Rajas*  
and *Maharajas* political power fell  
to Hindu revivalist loss under  
*Shankracharya's* political upheaval.  
*Shankracharya* conquered with  
word-might than with the assis-  
tance of political might which he  
stirred to the end. *Mahatma  
Gandhi* a Jain himself failed to  
see the truth in this axiom when  
he called *Guru Gobind Singh*, a  
misguided hero.

Spiritual living which is essen-  
tial for a man's redemption and  
salvation—*moksha-nijaat*—is a  
possibility only with the circum-  
stantial temporal power.

*Dharma rakshati rakastah—  
Hanto hantah*

When *Dharma*—equity and  
equality—is upheld-It pro-  
tects. When it is destroyed,  
it destructs.

Until *Bhakti* is blended with  
*Shakti*, its defence is a case of  
negation.

Here was exercised the Cosmic  
Evolutionary Energy with which

the Guru was inforced with his  
Divine Ordainment on the *Sapat  
Sring*—Seven Summits of *Hem-  
kunt* mount before his incarnation  
on this earth.

*Sant Ubaaran Dusht Sanghaa-  
ran*

Evolving the Righteous and  
devolving the vicious.

The ministration of *Amrit*—  
the drugs of life and valor was a  
re-experiment in regeneration of  
*Kshateryata* since Lord *Krishna's*  
sermon to *Arjan* on the battle-  
fields of *Kurakshetra*, in the  
*Dwapar Yuga*—nearly 5000 years  
before. It is a thing of amazement  
and lamentation that for centuries  
it was only for *Guru Gobind  
Singh* to recreate some regenerative  
alchemy for the masses without  
waiting for mental or physical  
guidance or help from any one  
else. On the contrary he encoun-  
tered mighty opposition in the  
commission of his endeavour  
from his own fellow men.

Some skeptics to belittle the  
divine effort of the Guru ascribed  
this rare experiment to be the  
prototype of the *Agnikul Theory*  
of the Origin of the *Rajputs* on  
the mount of *Abu* (*Rajasthan*)  
analogising it with the Guru's  
demonstrative *Yagna* experiment  
on the mount *Naina Devi*, near  
*Anandpur Sahib*. But the accre-  
dited historian codemns this view.  
*Swan's History of Ancient  
India* reads:—

"*Rajputs* believe that they  
were born of the sacred Fire that  
was kindled on Mount *Abu*. First  
of all *Chandra Bardai* set forth  
this story in his *Prithiraj Raso*.  
According to him when *Prashu-  
rama* had destroyed all *Kshatrayas*  
and there was no one left to pro-  
tect the *Brahmans*, they assembled  
and performed a *yagna* on the  
Mount *Abu*. They kindled the  
sacred fire and prayed to God to  
produce a brave class to protect  
them. In response to their prayers  
the four great heroes sprang out of  
the sacred fire. These four heroes  
founded the four great *Rajput*  
families *Oarmars*—*Farihars*—  
*Chalukeyas* and *Chauhans*.

This is not admissible to many  
and taken to be falacious and  
fabricated to glorify *Rajputs*.

It was the most significant  
deed of this unique Prophet that  
unlike earlier *Gurus*, *Ambia*,  
*Messengers*, *Aulia*, *Avatars* and  
*Reformers* of mankind, this True  
King—*Sacha Padshah*—the Dis-  
peller of Darkness, true to his  
mystical novel performance, pre-  
sently, shorn of all due pre-  
eminence, mighty yet humble—in  
all humility spirit born, kneeled  
himself before the *Panj Piaras*,  
begged of the *Amrit* initiation  
from their sanctified and pious  
hands to make him indistinguish-  
able and unidentifiable from the  
*Khalsa* to which he had given  
birth a short while ago. Here  
was the veritable equation,  
mathematical merger of the Guru  
with his Chela. A *Fina-fi-Mureed*

contrary to Sufistic Fina-fi-Murshid.

Wahe-wahe Gobind Singh—  
Aapay Guru Chela  
(Bhai Gurdas II)

Hail, Hail—Gobind Singh  
Guru and Chela now one.  
Oonha sam Thakur-sam chera  
There Swami and Sewak are  
indistinguishable.

Jaithay neech smaaileyen  
Thitay nadar taeri bakhsees

Where there is caressing of the  
lowly  
Thy graceful eye, O Lord:  
reach pronto.

These Panj-Piaras were now  
onwards mighty leaders of the  
Guru's Khalsa—Militia—Sant  
Sipahi—Here were the plebian  
made primates. Here were the  
unfortunates, mercilessly and  
heedlessly cast-aways from the  
high, made to rub their shoulders  
with those who had sprung from  
the Head of Brahman—the Brah-  
mans. They need not seek and  
plead for chanting Vedic Hymn,  
forbidden for them and unintelli-  
gible, even to those who professed  
to be the owner thereof. They  
own Universal Veda—Guru  
Granth Sahib—now. It engender-  
ed a genuine pride in them that  
their new Veda contained *vaani*  
of their own elders sans any  
discrimination. Here were the  
wordlings recast in the very iden-  
tity of their heavenly Guru.

There was an air surcharged  
with wonder and inhalation. The  
fragrance of valour, equanimity,  
fraternity encompassed the entire  
surroundings. Here were cater-  
pillars metamorphosed into  
butterflies that dazzled the eyes of  
the skepticles. Here was the fall  
of outer husk. It was a new trans-  
parent dauntless spiritual entity.  
Here were the lessers souls sour-  
ing to the Cosmic heights. There  
was no going back. Here was an  
open challenge to the mighty  
Mughal Empire that like the  
*amervela-cusucuta*—had dejuiced  
every lush plant of Hindu vegeta-  
tion that came under its sway or  
spread. It was a signal single  
handed enterprise of the divine  
entrepreneur in catheretising the  
impurities of all social, economi-  
cal, political and clerical orders,  
bourgeois and the proletariat  
societies nearly three centuries  
ago when no other helper could  
dare to reach them.

An in the words of Dr R.C.  
Mazumdar, India's illustrious his-  
torian :—

"No-body in India ever  
succeeded in removing the  
distinction of caste and creed to  
such an extent. In particular no  
one before him and after Guru  
Gobind Singh has established  
such a complete body by fusing  
together. Hindus and Muslims as  
he did by bringing them in the  
common fold of the Khalsa. It  
is a unique example in Indian

history and Guru Gobind Singh  
deserves the highest tribute  
of praise and appreciation of the  
Indians for the wonderful exam-  
ple of integration of different  
peoples of India which he  
accomplished. He succeeded  
where even Akbar the Great  
failed.

And this unfading glory was  
a Marvellum Tremandum of  
Amrit-Drug of Love-Life and  
Strength which made evasion of  
death, a thing of non-event.

The abject state of the Hindu  
life which Guru Gobind Singh's  
*Amritdhari* inherited and put  
their hand at the hilt of their  
*Khandas* to relieve it can be seen  
from the following 20 Don't's  
promulgated under *Fatwa-e-  
Jahandari* :—

1. They (the Hindus) can not  
build a house, a temple or  
an idol
2. Their destroyed building,  
they can not build again
3. A Musalman can live in a  
temple
4. Stay of a Musalman in a  
Hindu household can be  
objected
5. An idolator was disallowed  
to serve as a reporter
6. If an idolator offers to  
accept Islam, he can not be  
stopped to do so.
7. A Musalman must be given  
maximum respect
8. A Musalman can freely go  
into congregation of the  
Zimmis

9. Zimmis are prohibited to don  
a dress like that of a  
Musalman.

10. A Hindu can not name his  
children as that of a  
Muslim

11. A Hindu can not ride a  
horse.

12. A Hindu can not keep a  
sword, a bow and an arrow

13. A Hindu can not put on a  
ring bearing insignia

14. A Hindu can not sell wine  
or any such intoxicants

15. A Hindu's dress must be  
quite different from that of  
a Musalman

16. A Hindu can not preach  
his faith of their gods and  
goddesses

17. A Hindu can not build his  
house in the vicinity of  
Muslims

18. The Hindus can not take  
their dead near the grave  
yards

19. The Hindus can not cry  
aloud on the death of their  
kith or kin

20. A Hindu can not buy a  
Muslim slave.

Non-Musalman lived as  
Zimmiz tax or jazia pa-  
yers for State protection  
of their lives and proper-  
ties. This had to be paid in  
person by the head of a  
family to the local Qazi or  
Tax-Collector irrespective  
of his social or political  
status to give a feeling to  
him to being a Zimmi.

(base-Sir Jadunath Sircar's  
"Sources of Indian Tradi-  
tion")

The Mughal hatred for *kafirs*  
in India was immeasurable. There  
were 27 Mughal Emperors in  
India between 1526-1857 A.D.  
who issued coins.

"Aurangzeb forbade the use  
of *Kalma* in his coins. He thought  
that the Holy words of *Kalima*  
would be defiled as the coins  
would pass into the hands of  
*kafirs* (non-Muslims) So the  
*Kalima* vanished for ever from  
Indian coins"

(Mughal Coins"—by  
Dinesh Mody.)

And these *Amritdhari*s who  
were imparted strength to battle  
one against a lac and a  
quarter proved the validity of  
True Guru's word in letter and  
spirit:—

This is how the 18th century  
British Historian James Brown  
in his history—"History of the  
Origin and Progress of the Sikhs"  
—London 1788 A.D. II Edition"  
describes the Sikh chivalry while  
giving account of III battle of  
Panipat, fought on 14th January,  
1761 A.D. between the Marhattas  
and Ahmad Shah Abdali, the  
Afghan invader,

"In the battle the invaders  
carried the day and along with  
that also 5000 women of high  
brahman caste. Though the Sikh  
were not a party to the dispute,  
they found it hard to swallow  
the bitter part of the Marahatta  
women being transported to  
Afghanistan. While the invaders  
on their way back home, were  
crossing the Bias in Punjab, they  
fell upon them and rescued as  
many as 2200 young woman.  
Later they delivered them safely  
to their homes in Maharashtra  
about 1500 k.m. away. James  
Brown further tells that while the  
women folk rode all the way on  
their horses, the Sikhs were con-  
tent to walk along side".

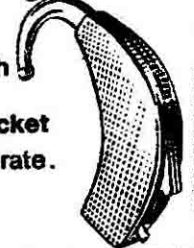
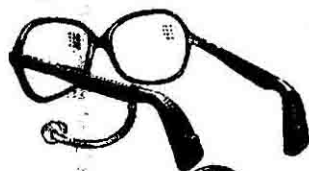
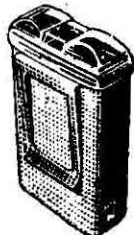
Guru Gobind Singh's spiri-  
tualised dynamic cry that his  
one *Amritdhari* would hold  
against a lac and a quarter the  
experiment so proved that Guru  
Sahib himself and his forty Sikhs  
were attacked on the *Khidrana*  
lake, now Mukatsar by Imperial  
forces comprising ten lacs. The  
fact has been described by Guru  
Gobind Singh in his Persian  
letter. Zafar Nama (Missive of  
Victory to Aurangzeb in  
Deccan:—

Gursana cheh kaare kunad  
chehal nar  
Keh deh—lakh bar aoyed baro-  
be-khabar  
What would forty famished  
troops do  
When unaware a million  
mughal militia fell upon  
them?

And this irreducible Kshate-  
yata energy of Pahul lived all  
along to the year 1984 passing

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through many events of bravery through Misal times, Sikh Raj and British Raj. What happened during the unforgettable Blue Star embattlement is a very eventful tale. To contain one Amritdhari, Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, our government had to employ the world's most powerful force, under misguidance of military managers when bringing out one man was totally no problem for the military force of the world's largest democracy. Many would not agree with Sant Bhindranwale's action yet eternally lamentable history shaped in attacking Sikh Holy of Holies-Harimandir and Akaal Takhat reduction to dust on 3rd to 7th June, 1984. I quote from prestigious English monthly *India Today* June 16-30, 1984.

"Crackdown in Punjab Operation Blue Star was the biggest and most significant counter action undertaken anywhere in the world.

Attacked by men of 10 Guards under Lt. Col. Mohammad Israr regarded as some of the finest troops in the world and trained specially for the assault role.

They were an impressive lot, a hundred lean wiry men, many of them officers, all in jet black duggarees. For the first time in the history of the Indian Army, one of the youngest units, the Commanders, was preparing to go into action. They suffered heavy casualties of the 40 who were in three were killed and nineteen were wounded despite their bullet proof jackets "That was a fiery baptism. We did not do badly," recalled one Commando later.

Here were the Amritdhari Khalsa grown oversize with razor-sharp Kirpans—Sri Sahibs—hung by their sides giving them the feeling, which they loved to suck again and again through the agency of their organ of vision and touch that all their mortal fears are no more. They now were sped on to the battle field with the sense of *Swa lakh se eik laraon* "Can make battle one against a lac and a quarter—opposite to those whose Allah permits twenty steadfast of them to overcome two hundred and if they are hundred steadfast they can overcome a two thousand and even a weaker one thousand steadfast can defeat two thousand of disbelievers.

The Holy Qura'n reads as under:—

O Prophet: Exhort the believers to fight. If there be of you twenty steadfasts they will overcome two hundred, and if there be of you a hundred steadfast they shall overcome a thousand of those who disbelieve, because they (the disbelievers) are a folk without intelligence.

(Sura VIII-65)

Now hath Allah lightened your burden, for he knoweth that there is a weakness in you. So if there be of you a steadfast hundred they shall overcome two hundred and if there be of you thousand steadfast they shall overcome two thousand by permission of Allah. Allah is with the steadfast,

(Sura VIII-66)

There was a fulness of hope and insurance of purpose in the New Order. Their angle of vision underwent a total transformation. Their perpetual dread and nightmare of torture at the hands of their own Churchmongers and the ruling clan were fading. They were now part of the uncrackable whole and not a part of an organisation which was mere shreds. They had picked up the confidence that their dirty tongues would be unchopped, their ears would be unplugged. They could read and listened *Sacchi-Bani* and there is now no low door entrance but four wide open doors from all directions for obscurity to their Guru's Temple. No more devout Namdevs would be dubbed a dog and kicked or killed and thrown out from their Beethal's House.

*Sood sood kar maar uthaayo kaha karoy baap Beethala*

They have dubbed me sudra-sudra

And have beaten me out from you temple

O my Father Beethal—What should I do now?

They could now gallop on a robust steed—a *Taan Turi Changery*—a lovely Arabian mare—They could now don a *Dustaar* turban, matching a Pathan or Mughal opponent. There was no fear for them to wear a pair of shoes. They could now spit back on the face of a mighty Mughal and their sanctified mouths with Amrit would no more be shed into a spittoon for the dirty mucus of a hideous Pathan or Sayyad. The shivering fear of contemptuous Mughal would no more make a Namadeva sprint behave his mare with a load of his foal and transcend into a poor Hindu the sense of vision of Lord Krishna with a beautiful turban and sweet tongue peregrinating to Dwarka Nagri when the presence of a malechha (Mughal) was a sacrilege in the locality of the Holy City Dwarka Nagri. The black days of royal tigerism and official doggishness and nail-lacerations by the lesser hierarchy of the dumb Hindu masses, were the things of the past now. It was a case of certitude that the so-called lesser humanity, the untouchables, would not now screech and sprint off not to be a sight for a higher born brahmin, hiding themselves behind a well or a tree or stretch low to be one with the mother-earth, lest their

shadow polluted the high-born. The Hindu generations of this day would hardly imagine the miserable and despicable state of their forefathers and would bear no shame to dub Guru Gobind Singh as not being a one hundred part of Swami Dayanand.

This unholy utterance was from the mouth of sacrilegious Pandit (actually Khatri) Gurudat M.A., at the Arya Samaj's annual functions, 11th year 24th-25th November, 1888 A.D. Lahore, with force of his lung power he cried out "Guru Gobind Singh was not even one one-hundredth part of our Maharshi Dayanand Saraswati. The Sikh have Dharm but their Gurus had no Vidya (learning). (See "Aimaal-e-Arya" (Urdu) 1889-Lahore).

The Amrit-dhaaris were the votaries of the lofty dispensation of *Degh*—Cauldron, *Tegh*—Sword and *Fateh*—Victory and as such they firmly believed in unplugged earning with their sweat, communal sharing and selfless service to humanity *Kirat karni—wand chhakna* and *Sewa nehkaama*. They were now *Saieda Pahalwaan-ray*—Knight-Errants of the Lord and they exploit none and dread no exploitation from others. They would frighten none and fear none in the words of Guru Tegh Bahadur—*Bhaey kuhoon ko det nahn—neh bhaey maanat aan*. They now held the Grand Charter of Freedom and shielding the meek and the powerless, Hindus or non-Hindus were their charge. Their womenfolk were now in the protection of the Singh of Guru Gobind Singh, and onward would not embellish the harems of Mughal and Pathan satraps. Their helpless women would no more be a marketable merchandise in the hedious markets of Gazni and Baghdad.

They were, onwards, crusaders of righteousness carrying a shibboleth of *Sarbat-ka-bhala*—Peace for All—and *Chahrdi-Kala*. Faith Unnerved—and this all in the name of Guru Nanak, the founder of the faith.

And the great Guru who was provenance of this unparalleled glory and rejuvenation of the Hindu society, we must read from the unbiased pen of Pandit Daulat Ram of Jehlam, unprejudiced Arya Samaj activist of the undivided Punjab:—

"No one could assert that Rama's campaign against Lanka was unmotivated by the considerations of his love of his divine consort: patriotism had not in any influenced his marches and sufferings.

Krishna's exploits were undertaken on a revengeful spirit. His activities having been influenced by a spirit of personal vendetta. Kansa was killed by Lord Krishna as the former was planning to efface the whole dynasty of the latter and more particularly to remove the Lord from the face of this earth.

In measures of patriotism the Guru had partaken and left Krishna behind.

Shankracharya gained his power over Buddhism for he had the strength of force of the Kshatri-rajahs to aid him in his mission of Hindu revival. With Guru Gobind Singh, Hindu Rajas, were inimical fearing that they would lose their kingdom if they revolted against the Mughal throne. Emperor Aurangzeb himself was all out to oppose him.

Prophet of Islam had only a few clans of Quresh community inimical to him. The understanding Jews of Medina proved helpful. Here there was place in India where this Prophet of *Wahdeya* and non-Idolatry could live peacefully. Even his foes tracked him to the last day to stab him for his *visaal-milaa*—with his *Mitra-Pearay*—Beloved Friend.

And the great seer and philosopher of this century Aurobindo says of the spectacular national building and Amrit dispensation pre-eminence of the great Guru:—

"The Sikh Khalsa was an astonishingly original and sound creation and its face was turned not to the past but to the future. A very striking instance of democratic institution towards making a compact nationalism: its long line of Gurus and the novel directions and form given to it by Guru Gobind Singh.

The whole night long there was a fierce fighting. The extremists living on generous supplies of roasted gram and shakaparas stood at various strategic points underground.

"Let us face it. What we fought in Amritsar was not a battle against a stray bunch of hoodlums. It was against Khalistan." (said some of the army)

Already quick to adjust their tactics with the discovery of the new resolve and fire power in the temple, the generals again changed tactics. This they realised that the use of "K" vehicles—as tanks and armoured personnel cars were called in army parlance, had now come inevitable if the war was to be won.

June 5-Army gunners again got down to the job of softening up the temple defence with the cannons placed in the historic Jallianwala Bagh close to the Serias firing with deadly effect and accuracy.

And over one and half a lac of military and para-military armed forces were in addition to enforce the above arrangement under cover of total all around curfew.

And these Amritdharis were, in fact, *Shikha* (Sanskrit) Agni and not mere Sikh—a spark rubbed out of steel on steel, like of our very remote animistic ancestors who produced *Shikha—Agni*—fire by rubbing flint on flint. The Sikh is not a mere variant of *Shisheya*—*Seekha* or *Seekhna*



etc., as earlier defined by our intellectuals. 'Shisheya' were meekless Brahmans, Boudh and Jain Monks and Bhikshus who preached Ahinsa Parmo Dharma in its wrong application and handed over Bharat Maata on a platter to Yavanas.

And know ye all: the progeniture of this power was a blemishless Yug Purush Guru Gobind Singh who possessed not a grain of Kama—Trishna—selfish desire—to own victories, kingdoms and crowns but render selfless service to humanity throwing all he could call his own, in the service of his Dharma and Desha—Creed Country. Rana Pratap and Chatrapati Shivaji vanished in greed for crowns and kingdoms but Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa—his kingdom and glory like eternally facing all sleet and storm on the vast expanse of the earth and seas calling—Vasudeva Kumbhkam—Universe is my family.

The wise weigh heroic character in three dimensions—physical—human and divine. The hero figure possesses matchless physical strength and courage which make him invincible on the battlefield. He possesses virility which endows him with irresistible fascination for the opposite sex and makes him a symbol of fertility. His humanity beings him to the level of human equality and gives him human attributes and his divinity bestow in him a superhuman status and makes him an object of reverence and admiration. With all his chivalry, divinity and aesthetic acquisition Guru Gobind Singh, the inventor of Khalsa Amrit, he told his people not to call him God, unheard in the lives of earlier builders of world faiths:—

Jo ham ko Pramashwar uchero hain.

Tay sabh narak kund mein paray hain.

Those who call me God They shall fall into the pit of hells.

Mainham Paramapurakh ko daasa.

Dekhan aayo gagat tumaaso I am a slave of the primeval God.

I am come the world to scan

And how this Parmapurakh whom Guru Nanak refers in 'Mool Mantra' in his Jap, the very first para of the Sikh Gospel:—

This Purakha—Pursha is Absolute as defined in a hymn from the Rig Veda Sahamta in varying interpretations:—

Man is Purusha—the Person.

Pur-usha—the dawn in the city.

He is filled with light.

Puru-sha—filled with wonder and eternal happiness.

Pu-rusha—whose passions are purified.

Purusha—word so fertile in resonance while a musical theme developed by a skillful musician keeps unfolding its

three kallidosocopic syllables in a never ending play in the image of creation itself.

Such is a man that primordial and eternal principle imminent in thousand heads, a thousand eyes, and a thousand feet. Master of immortality, sacrificer Sacrifices and its object, origin and end of all, that is, Absolute (Ghaib-ul-Ghaib—War-ul-Waraa)

And that Parma-Purukh and Guru Gobind Singh were in one inseparable unison a Swami and a daasa.

And in umpteen moments in my deep reverie, it simply baffles me to ponder over the thought as to how the call of the peerless Yug Purush Guru Gobind Singh reached one and all members of that mammoth congregation, said to be about 80,000 men born and bred in distant geographical locations and dialects gathered from nothing but in simple devotion from Lahore, Hastinapur, Bidar, Puri and Dwarka.

There were no prevalent scientifically inforced Electronic contrivances but, in fact, that super-natural thaumaturgic—Dust Daman—Crusher of the Guru had little need of them. His call of Truth did not ride at the back of the wind that pass rustling beside your ears but god Maruti carried his command himself. Though that historic personality was born from the womb of his mother yet the Spirit of his Father—Prabhu—Purveyer—Pervadgaar—who ordained his birth on the surface of this land for His holy mission:—

Jab aaye Prabhu ko bhaeyo Janam dharaa jag aaye

When I received the Lord's command Forthwith I was born in this land.

Carried out what He desired. And there was no two words that Guru Gobind Singh's every deed on the surface of this earth was a marvel—supernatural. Even the worst critic of this earth was a marvel—supernatural. Even the worst critic of the Sikhism, and the Gurus, Swami Dayanand, has written of him in his "Satyarthh Prakash"—Gospel of the Aryasmaj as "Guru Gobind Singh was the bravest and the valourous."

(page 351)

His call was, in truth, Soor-e-Israfeel—clarion of Arch-Angel Israfeel, a sound which shall awake the dead from the graves on the Day of Ressurrection, out of their sleep in Barzakh—the span of life from the hour of death to the of awakening hour to render the account of one's deeds in mundane life. (Qura'n—VI:74). (I curtail my portrayal of Islamic credel belief on Soor-e-Israfeel and Barzakh otherwise my this service shall be denied its end).

Just imagine our present leadership whose voice, hardly ever truth perception of vision fail to locate a loudspeaker dancing attendance in their front, what the audience talk at the back is nor audible to them.

And who would deny, scanning through the history of the great Guru's pre-period, that the Hindus were not awaitings clarion call to awaken them from their Barzakh and bask in the warmth of their ancient glorious heritage.

The feelings of this humble scribe are that to the extent of his scant possibility he has endeavoured to place before his wise readers the necessity and what was the Sikh Khalsa Pahur—Pahul—Amrit, the mysteriously mystic potion bestowed by Guru Gobind Singh (1666-1708 A.D.), tenth Guru of the Sikh faith on the first day of Baisaakh—Thursday Chitra Sudi 1755 Bikrmi or Marv 30th., 1699 Anti Domini Sitting on the hills of Anandpur Sahib, penetrating and permeating into the very physique and psyche of the people transformed the cowards into the heroes. I have also hinted earlier that this evanescent composition of five elements of nature earth, water, air, fire and ether—Panchbhuta—we call man has been evaluated to be a born sinner from the womb of his mother from the very beginning of the dawn of mankind. All the wisdom encapsuled into the umpteen scriptures of all the world faiths can not redeem the man from this sin till such a special or specific rite is gone through to wash him of the born-sin and he is brought into Punar Janam—Rebirthship or to be plain drawn into the orbit of a chosen faith for him. Infusion of the sense of patriotism and chivalry was the novel experiment of Guru Gobind Singh—Kalgian Wala—Faujhn Wala—Bajjan Wala of the Khalsa.

I commence with the cry of Upanishadic Rishis the originator of all human wisdom, who long to reach the Ultimate Reality, the Ultimate Immortality:—

Asato ma sat gammeya

Tamasso ma jyotir gammeya

Nirtyor ma amityor gammaya.

Lead me from unreal to the Real

Lead me from darkness to the Light

Lead me from mortality to the Immortality.

And believe me these lines are the seed of the umbrageous tree of our universe.

The great saints and seers of the hoary past have uttered and purveyed mankind with truths of universal applicability and unalterability irrespective of the passages of time and variability of geo-graphical situation, equally fall and re-emergence of numberless human civilisation, big or small. But it is an irrefutable verity that in the words of the world's accredited historian Arnold Toynbee—A Study of History—The New One Volume—Illustrated page 337) each religion or civilisation could not disengage themselves from the matrix of the earlier religious traditions.

Yet each religion in the orbit of its feasibility potential have invented and laid certain practices and have given the scriptural sanctity to avoid their divorce by their faithful. And the customs for such a Divijyata-Rebirth very from faith to faith.




# ਸਿਮਰਨ

ਸ਼ਬਦ-ਗੁਰਬਾਣੀ ਦੀਆਂ ਵੀਡੀਓ ਕੈਸਟਾਂ

ਸਾਡੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਨੰਬਰ

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**203 ਭਾਈ ਹਰਬੰਸ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ**  
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ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੈਸਟਾਂ ਲਈ ਸਿੱਖਰਬ ਕਰੋ

**ਸਿਮਰਨ ਵੀਡੀਓ ਸਟੂਡੀਓ**

7 ਏ/36 ਡਬਲਯੂ.ਏ.ਏ. ਕਰੋਲ ਬਾਗ, ਨਵੀਂ ਦਿੱਲੀ-5  
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